The
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Foreign Markets Also Count

THE NEWS that the House Foreign Affairs Committee has yielded to a month of Republican pressure and accepted an amendment to the Lend-Lease Extension Act specifically barring this form of export for "post-war relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction" is not good. Although this amendment did facilitate House passage of the bill, it betrays a state of mind which is alarming. Its avowed principle is that Lend-Lease is for war purposes only.

All this sounds strangely at variance with the honeyed assurances of the State Department's latest radio team—Assistant Secretaries MacLeish, Acheson and Clayton. Their figures run something like this. In '32, when things were blackest on the export side, we shipped out only two billion dollars' worth of goods. Right now the figure is fourteen, and the object is to stabilize American exports at ten billion dollars annually.

One of the beauties of the Lend-Lease system is that it by-passes the Johnson Act (which forbids the extension of credits to any nation which repudiated its war debts to the United States). So it would seem that the limiting of these operations to strictly military purposes would in fact require further legislation, the passage of which is by no means assured, to extend the credits needed by so many war-torn lands if they are to reach a position from which they can undertake the active interchange of goods and services we require if we are to triple peacetime exports as our State Department now foresees. The mathematics of it is clear enough.

But most disturbing of all is the lack of vision displayed by those who seek to restrain the United States from her due rôle in helping set the war-torn nations upon their own feet. For the moment forget everything but our national self-interest. If victory for the United States is not to mean a strong and relatively prosperous Britain, a truly revived France, a European continent whose population is earning enough to keep well above the level of desperation, words have lost their meaning. The most elaborate political apparatus for the maintenance of the peace for which so much blood has been shed will be impossible so long as starvation and desperation are widespread. The idea that Uncle Sam would be playing Santa Claus in making available on feasible credit terms the seed and fertilizer, stock and farm implements, railroad equipment and industrial machinery needed to revive the economy of a number of our Allies, runs squarely counter to the facts.

For some reason this reprehensible amendment is not expected to prevent the carrying out of the new Lend-Lease agreement with France. Possibly because it has been negotiated before July 1 (the date on which the present Act expires) and delivery is to be completed by July 1, 1948. And if the other nations involved succeed in concluding American negotiations in these matters before the deadline, only the moral effect of the amendment will be important. The long-term credits to the French are to be repaid at a low rate of interest, while one-fifth of the price for this essential new equipment for manufacture and transportation is to be paid on its delivery. Similar agreements based on respective needs must be completed with other liberated countries and with Great Britain. Their economic regeneration is of vital importance to the United States.

Our Resources Have Limits

OF COURSE the general argument recapitulated above is valid only to the extent that we have at our disposal the materials desired by foreign nations and that we are equipped with the transportation facilities to ship them abroad. In the past our resources have been growing so fast, our production has been increasing at so accelerated a rate, that the problem of supply was only relatively serious. We have, of course, run short of some items of food and clothing, which items have been rationed. This rationing has been relatively severe for certain foodstuffs, and yet no one would seriously maintain that the

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general health of the American people has suffered. It may not have had what it liked best to eat, but it has had enough to eat. Now, with increasing areas of the world falling under our responsibility, there is a real danger that we may contract—may even already have contracted—to supply more than we safely can. Certainly our responsibilities in such areas as Italy and parts of France have not been met.

A recent dispatch from Washington tells us that the War Food Administration has been obliged to turn to the War Mobilization Director, James F. Byrnes, for help in splitting up a declining supply of meat, fats and sugar among military, lend-lease, foreign relief and civilian claimants. We are told that the stated requirements of the various agencies for the coming quarter are considerably greater than the estimated supplies of these particular food items.

Thus Mr. Byrnes's decision to set up a committee whose duty it shall be to pass upon all foreign shipments other than purely military and lend-lease is a useful and welcome move. He describes the function of this committee as being to "protect our domestic economy and support the war effort." The chairman will be Leo T. Crowley, Foreign Economic Administrator, and all the top officials and agencies concerned will be represented on this clearance body. "The purpose of this committee is to examine all the related factors which pertain to the capabilities of the United States to export items for the support of the war other than direct military lend-lease commitments." With such a check on our national exports, the excuse for seeking to restrict them more than is necessary loses practical validity.

The Manpower Bill

NEWS STORIES concerning the findings of the Special Senate Committee to investigate the National Defense Program tend to confirm the argument that no labor draft is necessary for the carrying out of the war effort, although better administration of existing laws and a better feeling between labor and management would be highly desirable. Precisely why the Administration has been so insistent on this subject it is difficult to fathom. The suggestion has been made that the object is to mollify Russian and English reproaches, although this seems a trifle far-fetched. In any case responsible government employees report that there are today very nearly if not fully a million unemployed in the United States—they report this in conversation, not in writing, since it has been the policy of all the agencies in a position to know the facts to insist that there are real shortages in various parts of the country and to overlook the equally real unemployment in other areas.

All this is no good portent for our peacetime handling of the sixty million job program. We shall never succeed in arresting depressions or in eliminating large scale unemployment unless our government agencies acquire the habit of telling the truth. A million unemployed certainly does not constitute a serious problem in an economy the size of ours, but that there should be any such number unemployed at a moment when the Executive insists on closing nightspots because of "manpower shortages" is a contradiction, and makes the ordinary citizen suspect that there are ulterior motives for the advocacy of work-fight or work-jail legislation.

Poland

LAST WEEK we published in these columns the temperate warning of the Archbishop of Westminster, pointing out that the price of insistence upon the reconstitution of pre-1939 Poland would be war against Soviet Russia. We likewise have insisted that although the Yalta "solution" of this problem was no moral triumph, those who protested most loudly against it must be willing to recognize and accept the price of their policy—a further devastating and terrible war in a world whose deepest longing is for peace. Recently the Catholic Hierarchy of Scotland took a strong stand against the Yalta agreement; which has been widely quoted in the Catholic press.

> Now without lawful authority, excuse or reason it is proposed that one-half of Polish territory should be handed over to the enemies of Christianity and that a group of individuals, selected as suitable for implementing the designs of their cynical employers and self-styled as the new provisional government of Poland, should with Britain's consent and approval be placed in charge of the lives and destiny of the people of Poland. But yesterday it seems the whole British Empire in no uncertain terms denounced this body. Today, ignoring the feelings of our people, His Majesty's Cabinet proposes to foist upon our Polish ally a brand of government better known as "swindle democracy." In the light of our solemn obligations to Poland our part in this inglorious chapter of the war will forever appear as a gross betrayal of a trusting friend and faithful ally.

The language of the Scottish Bishops is forthright, and that they have every justification for expressing themselves upon what is of course a moral problem no one may properly deny. But we believe that they overstate the moral aspect of the case. They do not take into consideration any of the ethnical factors involved, because of which one may legitimately doubt whether all the people of Eastern Poland object to coming under Russian rule. They exaggerate the amount of territory handed over. They refuse to believe that there will be any material change in the make-up of the Lublin Government. But most of all, as we see it, they refuse to allow for the price of what they advocate—a price so clearly indicated by Archbishop Griffin.

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The Life of Hitler

IN THE confusion that will be in Germany at the moment of defeat Hitler will not be walking in the streets. Someone might shoot him. If he were shot we might never know who shot him because whoever shot him probably would be killed at once and, if it were in the streets, many other people would be shot in the excitement. So that history would say that Hitler died assassinated at a moment when all Germany was confused by defeat and history would say it is not clear who shot him or why. The chances are, however, that if it happened that way, Hitler would have been killed by someone who was demented. It would be strengthening the moral that history is supposed to point if it could be shown that Hitler was killed by a rational, courageous and determined anti-nazi, that the justice residing in the German people finally found an arm to execute the man who had betrayed all justice, but the chances are that this would not be the case. The chances are that it would be some soldier who had seen so much killing that he had to keep on killing and if there were no enemy to kill then he would kill his officer, or his general or his fuehrer. If Hitler died in the confusion which will be everywhere in Germany, between the time of the collapse of German order and the establishment of order by the occupying forces, the chances are that Hitler's assassin would be very much like Hitler.

But he will not be in the streets of any German city and it is not likely that he will be surrounded by all the German generals and the General Staff at the moment of defeat. Because there, also, someone might shoot him. In that case, unless a private soldier managed to run amock, he would be killed by some distinguished German general, undoubtedly a patriot in the way German generals are always patriotic. He would be killed by the cliché of a clash of wills.

Presumably Hitler will be off by himself somewhere—wishing that Hess were not in England—and guarded—thinking of Napoleon—by the most faithful of the faithful. Thinking also of *biergartens* and the time he was first arrested. He might kill himself, but no one would like to bet on that, and also one of the faithful might really imagine that the end of the world was here and blow the whole place up for fear that his imagination might only be imagination. But probably they would all be looking out the window to see who would be coming up the road.

The Germans might bring any one of these solutions to the Hitler problem. But then again the Germans may leave the Hitler problem to us.

In that case, it goes without saying, he should be allowed to live his normal span of life—a very long one it is to be hoped—in order that he may tell the German people exactly how he lost the war and why. Interminably.

He should be handled by us with the most intelligent care because of course he will have his faithful valet with him, and the valet will outlive him, and also will write books. There must be none of those regrettable if slight incidents of rudeness which occurred on St. Helena and which have so greatly affected the emotions of Napoleon's admirers ever since. A man of great tact must be his jailor because it is evident that Hitler's conversation has never been easy to endure whereas Napoleon's was so brilliant that it took a boor of a jailor not to succumb to its charm.

Hitler must not become a German myth. If he is brought to trial his judges will argue long about him and with him. If they do not argue about and with him, they will not be judges, and the trial will not be a trial. If they say you are Hitler, and that means, all by itself, that you will be shot at five a.m., then Hitler will be the German martyr. If they say you are Hitler and the time has come when heads of states must answer before humanity for the crimes they have ordered, then Hitler will say this is a new law, by your own admission, and in my case it is to be applied *post facto,* and what would old Coke say to that or John Marshall? The next ruler who starts something—if and when you have your international society and your international law—you can punish, but me, no, not me.

We must say, simply, we do not want you in Germany, we want you locked up, we shall not talk about it at all, we have won the war, we are going to take the gold from the Reichsbank, if we can find out where you have put it, and you are something else we want. Would you prefer to chop wood as at Doorn, or it is that you can be entirely happy with a secretary, a valet and a gramophone?

One final provision: little groups of twenty Germans selected personally by Hitler each week will be admitted in audience. This was one of the troubles with St. Helena; it was inaccessible and the French always were imagining that the English were doing something awful to their prisoner.

It is a question of insisting that no defeated nation be enabled to clothe its catastrophe in a myth. There must be continuity; the guilty leader must not disappear. He must no longer govern—the people would not want him to govern; he falls automatically with defeat from power—but he must not disappear. The people would like him to disappear because then the grandeur they had lost, they would place in his trust, incarnated in his person, no matter whether already beheaded, or hanged or a body with the vultures tearing at it, immortal in a myth.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Thinking of Maidanek

A restatement of an old problem

F. G. Friedmann

THINKING of the extermination of hundreds of thousands of Jews in the concentration camps of Eastern Europe, one can hardly escape the conclusion that seldom in history has the tragedy of a people met with less adequate response among its own survivors as well as in the contemporary world in general.

There are cries, it is true, of revenge, of punishment of the perpetrators of crimes too monstrous in their complexity and too horrible in their details for any normal mind to grasp; there are voices, too, calling for the restoration of trampled rights, for giving a seat to the most persistently persecuted of all peoples at the coming peace conference; but these voices, sincere as they are both emotionally and intellectually, are somehow not closely enough related to the actual event to give promise of ever producing fruits which, in a historical sense, would "explain" or "justify" what today is nothing but a cold, inexplicable fact.

We are forced to ask ourselves how it was possible for a country like Jugoslavia finally to wrest some "good" from the suffering inflicted by the nazis—to use her very suffering as the starting point for the reorganization of her society—while the suffering inflicted upon the Jews has so far remained sterile of any creative element.

Jugoslavia, of course, as well as the other nations which happened to lie in the German "living space," was something tangible, something geographically and economically and politically well defined. The nazi attitude, therefore, toward such countries was fundamentally rational, based on their usefulness within a general scheme. If the nazis aimed at their incorporation into the Greater Reich, it was for the sake of their raw materials, their manpower, their communications; and the means used toward such an end—whether it was diplomatic pressure or trickery or military conquest—were rationally arrived at, chosen, that is, after a careful study of an intelligible situation.

Similarly, the peoples of the conquered countries, ridding themselves quickly of the interpretation of nazism as an illogical event in an otherwise logical history, developed a rational view of their situation by learning to see in the nazi revolt the symptom of a deep-rooted crisis in a society of which they themselves were a part; to regard it, in other words, as a boil which indicated basic ills in their own body, calling for desperate efforts of social and political purification.

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The Jews, on the other hand, had neither a country of their own nor were they simply followers of another religion. To the nazi mind the Jews were different from all other peoples. While the characteristics of the various nations could be more or less clearly understood and while it was thus relatively easy to assign to each of them its place within the general German plan, the nature of the Jews could in no way be divined. By this very inexplicability of their nature the Jews became in the eyes of the nazis an expression of dark and dangerous forces; dangerous exactly because their "power" was not like the power of a nation—visible, calculable, something to reckon and to deal with: its nature being hidden, it remained ever incalculable as the hate it was fated to provoke. Add to this that the Jews, in every other sense, appeared to be weak, nay, despicably weak, and you have a helplessness which had to be maddening to the master race: no rational means of dealing with that invisible and unintelligible "power" was possible; in fact, not even complete destruction could be entirely satisfactory. The very helplessness in the face of that secret power, exerted by the most despicable of all creatures—a power, by the way, not so much directed against the material foundations of the Reich as against its psychological basis of existence, worshipped under the various names of Fuehrer, of Race, of Fatherland—necessarily provoked a lust for adding a maximum amount of cruelty to the job of extermination.

But unfortunately, to the Jews—those who survived the ordeal or those who were lucky enough to live outside the nazi sphere—the nazi persecution is as much an irrational fact as the Jews are in the eyes of their persecutors. They feel that their persecution is caused neither by their professing another religion, which would put them in a position similar to the early Christians, nor by their being a nation, which would put them in the position of the half-million Jews in Palestine in case of an enemy invasion. Not able, thus, to relate their persecution to their

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rational existence (whether moral, economic, political or religious) they are prevented not only from acquiring the dignity which grows from suffering for a definite cause but also from giving their reactions to persecution a political or economic or religious expression.

This situation is most disturbing as it has its analogies in our own democratic society. The misunderstandings which even in a country like America still stand in the way of perfect harmony between Christians and Jews belong as much to the irrational sphere of life—present in every human individual even though only in a rudimentary way—as the nazis' hatred of the Jew, and whatever difference there is is one of degree. Also in democratic countries there are still people who believe they "feel" the Jew to be different from other people, who are unable to grasp the real nature of that difference and therefore assume an irrational attitude. They are sure of "feeling" that otherness and are so mystified by its hidden nature that they do not hesitate to regard the most contradictory characteristics as typically Jewish and as expressions of that one and inexplicable Jewish nature: there is the Jews' wealth together with their appalling poverty, their communistic inclinations together with their inborn capitalistic attitude, not to mention their lack of religion together with their blind adherence to the commandments of an outmoded orthodoxy.

Such helplessness of some Gentiles in the face of what they consider the Jews' otherness is responsible for their different attitude toward the crime or misdemeanor of a Gentile and that of a Jew. A Christian individual, by the very act of committing a crime proves himself unworthy of the community to which he belongs—thus incriminating only himself and absolving the community. A Jewish individual's crime, in the eyes of those same observers, is always an outgrowth of that dark and hidden Jewish nature; it incriminates the whole Jewish community, adding an individual's criminal qualities to the basic characteristics of an entire people. On the other hand, a Jewish individual's contribution to art and science, to the conduct of the war or the organization of the peace, will never be credited to the Jewish community because such a contribution is intelligible and cannot be related to the fundamentally unintelligible Jewish nature.

The most tragic consequence of the inability of some Gentiles rightly to interpret the "otherness" of the Jew is the reaction it provokes in many of the Jews themselves: becoming aware of the unpleasant effects of their otherness—or rather that grossly misunderstood otherness—they assume an attitude of defense in which they are confirmed by their daily contacts with the Gentile world.

Even in countries where a high degree of social and economic equality exists, the memory of so many centuries of persecution helps to maintain what to some may seem a "supersensitiveness"; an awareness of a persisting psychological inequality which may produce clumsy and even mistaken attempts at achieving security (attempts which, by the enemies of the Jews, are interpreted as original "materialism," "aggressiveness," "clannishness") and a rather unhealthy preoccupation with the Gentiles' erroneous views concerning his "otherness" which often prevents him from understanding his real nature and purpose in history. In fact, a great many Jews have never enjoyed that objective mood of self-inquiry which can develop only in an atmosphere of psychological equality.

On the contrary, too many of them have been held prisoners within an apparently unbreakable *circulus vitiosus* of reacting to the Gentiles' irrational attitude toward their supposed otherness in a not less helpless and irrational way strengthening thus the Gentiles' mistaken attitude which, in turn, confirms the Jews' reactions.

All this suggests that if any "good" should eventually flow from the persecution of the Jewish people, it would have to come out of our growing awareness of the irrational character not only of the attitude of the German nazi but also of the Jews' enemies active in this and other democratic countries; it would have to stem from our resolve, the resolve of Christians and Jews alike, to lift the problem of Jewish "otherness" from the sphere of the irrational, pregnant as it will always be of hate and fear, and transplant it into a more rational soil, with a view to finally breaking the tragic *circulus vitiosus,* allowing the Jewish heart to rid itself of all sensations of psychological insecurity and the Jewish mind to understand itself and its function in the midst of the peoples.

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One of the means of achieving a rational view of the Jews' "otherness" probably lies in the study of their history. There was a time, it is true, when the Jews did not appear to be much different from other tribes and civilizations having their homes in the general neighborhood of Asia Minor. We know that with most of these peoples, social and political life on one side and religious life on the other side ran closely parallel; that the commandments of their gods, for exampe, had to be executed in order to secure success in economic and political matters, that to be obedient to the gods meant prosperity in peace and victory in war, to neglect them, hunger, defeat and pestilence. A similar parallelism, or even identity, of social and religious life prevailed at the starting point of Jewish history.

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Also with the early Hebrews God had to be obeyed if prosperity or victory was desired; also with them God's wrath was expected to follow the abandonment of His ways. But these ways soon ceased to be the narrow lanes of custom and came to be the ways of justice, of a moral idea approaching ever closer a concept of perfect universality, including strong elements of mercy and peace. In the words of the prophets reward and punishment took on a deeper meaning as history came to be interpreted as a moral process in which the people of Israel, and in the view of some, all peoples of the earth, were called upon to follow the Law of God and thus to bring about the realization of His kingdom on earth.

While this moral interpretation of God's law, together with the conception of monotheism, is usually regarded as the main Jewish contribution to human history, distinguishing the Jews from the tribes and civilizations of their times, it seems to us that the "otherness" of the Jews has to be traced to their stubbornly maintaining the belief in the unity of social and religious life at a time when the rest of the then civilized world had decided to abandon it. With the consolidation of so many nations and tribes in the Roman Empire a more abstract idea of universal citizenship had been substituted for the limited, though more direct, forms of "belonging together" as exemplified by the life of the tribe or the life under the original Covenant. But accepting the citizenship of Rome, the various nations and tribes had also to accept the severance of social and religious life: the gods who thus far had guided the various national and tribal fates had been reduced to mere objects of worship and sacrifice.

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With the spread of Christianity the separation of religious and social life became more and more definite. Comparable to the dissolution of the tribes' and nations' "own" social and political life into the universal though rather abstract conception of citizenship under Rome, we have the abandonment of the view of God as guiding history toward His final triumph by the use of His "own" people and the acceptance of a view of Redemption essentially supra-historical and open to every member of the human race. (That Constantine not only declared Christianity the "official" faith of the Empire but also summoned the Council which in effect removed the last vestiges of the ancient Jewish conception of God, confirming in the Christology and the Trinity a more universal but—in the Jewish sense—also a more abstract view, constitutes a culminating point in, rather than a denial of, the process of separation of religious and social life.)

Throughout the ages, the stubbornness of the Jews in their refusal to abandon their "otherness" and to accept the Christian faith has been interpreted by many a Christian not only as unreasonable but even as an indication of some devilish design. In a modern sense, Judaism has often been regarded as an anachronism, as something the existence of which can only be excused by a contribution made to humanity a few thousand years ago.

This view, however, of Judaism representing an anachronism, does not do justice to the problem and may even be regarded as an obstacle on the way to its solution. If Judaism were nothing but a theology, one could agree that its historic function has long been fulfilled: the ideas of monotheism and of life as a moral process under God have long been accepted by the Christian mind. But Judaism, though theologically insignificant today, is still alive both as a religious and as a psychological problem.

Religiously—in the way of an inner tension, not of a theology—we find two elements present in the Jewish heart. One is the feeling of "belonging together," of being Jews by a decision of their forefathers to accept God's Covenant or, as others put it, by inexplicable fate; the other is the belief in God's Law being valid for *all* mankind. It is the relationship of these two elements that forms the nucleus of the Jews' religious problem. On one hand, we have a development repeating in each Jewish individual a process not dissimilar to what occurred at the time of the birth of Christianity: a universal love bursting forth out of the concreteness of the Jewish family; on the other hand, having detached itself from its source, from the familiar atmosphere in which social and religious life are one, this love feels it has lost the concreteness so necessary for all moral life and hurriedly turns back into itself.

In this sense—and in this sense alone—there is and probably will continue to exist a Jewish problem as there is and will be a Christian problem as long as a follower of Christ will live again and again the mysteries of His life and of His Church. In any other sense, what we call the "Jewish problem" is of a psychological nature, connected, that is, with that *circulus vitiosus* which is caused by an irrational attitude toward the Jews' "otherness." As such it can, and has to be, "solved"; in fact, its "solution" is a task preliminary to any other phase in the solution of our problem. In this connection it is important to remind ourselves that, as no declaration of rights will ever bring us peace so long as the peoples of the world are not disposed to regard each other as humanly equal, no merely legal emphasis of rights will ever be able to remove from the Jewish heart the painful sensations of psychological inequality which only a persistently rational approach, coupled with a not less persistent human warmth, can achieve.

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Though we do not profess to know the purpose of the existence of the Jews *sub specie aeternitatis* or the ways which ultimately will lead to the unity of all mankind, it seems to us that within the realm of finite history the Jews can make a valid contribution. If it is true that the central problem of the contemporary world is to find a synthesis of the moral prerequisites of individualism (both in a personal and national sense) and of the economic and political requirements of over-all planning; a synthesis, in other words, of autonomy and of world-organization in some form of democratic federalism, the Jews, at least those of them who are able to form a rational view of their religious problem—of that inner tension between the elements of "belonging together" and of perfect universality—are bound to discover a certain analogy between that problem and the social and political dilemma of the world; a situation which should enable them not only to inspire the world's attempts to achieve peace, with dignity and religious fervor, but also, in merging their own problem with the problem of the world, to enhance the chances for a solution of the first by contributing to the solution of the second.

Cherokee Bill

T. D. LYONS

MUSKOGEE, Indian Territory, in July, 1907, was sizzling hot, and to a young lawyer who had taken his sheepskin in Dakota, the previous June, and was still wearing Dakota summer clothes, the heat seemed to ripple up in great waves from the partly paved streets and sidewalks. A beautiful odor of frying grease was flung out between the opening screen doors of Catfish Kelley's famous emporium near the Midland Valley Depot. I had come to Muskogee for the purpose of securing from the office of the Superintendent for the Five Civilized Tribes (Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles) Departmental lease form sets.

A few days previous I had to come to what had, in 1904, been a small town in the Creek Nation located on the Frisco Railroad, but the Glenn Pool district in the Western District of the Indian Territory had begun to attract attention as an oil field in 1905 or the early part of 1906, and on the hot July day in 1907 that I walked from the Midland Valley Depot to the office of the Superintendent for the Five Civilized Tribes, the Glenn Pool had developed into one of the richest oil fields in the world and the town from which I had come on the Midland Valley to Muskogee had by common consent of oil men been dubbed the "Magic City."

As my law curriculum did not include any study of Indian titles or the law of oil and gas, I was glad to get occupation in a law office as a mere messenger, and it was in this capacity that I had come to Muskogee, then the chief city of the Indian Territory. After I had secured the blanks at the office of the Superintendent for the Five Civilized Tribes, I went to call on Colonel Thomas Marcum, a kinsman of one of the Magic City lawyers who had sent me over to Muskogee. Colonel Marcum had been Democratic National Committeeman from the Indian Teritory and was considered the most famous criminal lawyer and orator in the Indian Territory. He had come from Breathitt County, Kentucky, and afterwards returned there to prosecute for murder the feudists of that mountain district who had killed his brother over an election contest. The Colonel's voice had been potent and eloquent in criminal trials before the great "hanging Judge" Isaac Parker, when the United States Court for the Western District of Arkansas, at Fort Smith, had practically unlimited jurisdiction over the Indian Territory.

The Colonel received me very graciously, inquired as to his kinsman, and then immediately inquired as to my purposes. I told him that I hoped to get started practicing law in the Indian Territory then already in process of becoming a part of the new State of Oklahoma, since the Constitution had been drafted by the Constitutional Convention and an election had been called to vote on the question of its adoption. The Colonel assured me that I had just as good an opportunity as at least 4,000 other lawyers all of whom he said were equally ignorant on at least one of the following subjects: (1) Creek Indian titles; (2) the law of oil and gas; (3) the Arkansas procedure which had been extended by Congress over the Indian Territory to regulate practice in the courts; and (4) the Oklahoma Territory code of procedure which in his opinion would shortly become the law of the land upon the adoption of the Constitution and the admission of the State of Oklahoma. This all sounded very portentous to me, but the Colonel was so kind and encouraging that I really took considerable hope from his conversation.

The Colonel's affability was one of the great traits of his character, and he would waste his time by the hour enlightening and aiding young lawyers. I have since talked with older lawyers and United States Judges and the consensus of their opinion held that Colonel Marcum was truly the most eloquent criminal lawyer ever in the Indian Territory as well as one of the greatest characters and most magnanimous-souled men. His physical resemblance to Andrew Jackson was frequently remarked. Although a Kentuckian, he had been an officer in the Union Army and had seen stern service. One of his blunt, outspoke

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aphorisms was that "the two most overrated men in the United States were Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee." He saved one man from the penitentiary merely by a play upon words. This man spelled his name Poor, and it was ordinarily pronounced according to the dictionary pronunciation. When the Colonel began his peroration he referred to his client Mr. Poor in the ordinary way. Pretty soon he began to call him "poor old Poor," and after about fifteen minutes he called him "pore old Poor." He ended by calling him "pore ole Pore," with a strongly sympathetic, nasal accent and with that phrase committed his client's cause to the warm hearts of the jury, who proceeded to acquit him in spite of his clearly established guilt.

While we were talking, a striking looking young man of remarkable physique and agility came into the room and sat down. He seemed to be on terms of pleasant acquaintance with the Colonel, who nodded to him and asked him to wait a moment. I observed after the Colonel had talked with him, and he got up to walk out, that he had a panther-like stride and that there was a look of composure and resolution in his countenance which attracted attention, although his expression was very pleasant, except for rather black beady small deep-set eyes. As he was going out, the Colonel called to him and he turned around. The Colonel introduced me to him and said, "Henry may be able to give you some business. He is in the real estate business, now, at Tulsa." Later on, this same gentleman did bring some abstracts into the Tulsa office for me to examine. When he went out, the Colonel said, "That's Henry Starr. Did you ever hear of him?" I said, "No, sir." "Well," he said, "he's quite a famous character, he was known down here as the Cherokee outlaw and was under sentence of death, but when he disarmed Cherokee Bill in the jail at Fort Smith he got a pardon and now is in the real estate business at Tulsa. Of course, I'm afraid that the real estate business will become too tame for Henry one of these days. However, he's a very clever fellow [clever in the sense of having good humor and affability], and you may have, some day, lots worse fellows for your clients, if you have much law business."

He then told me the famous tale of Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill. It would require a reproduction of the history set forth in "Hell on the Border" to do justice to this in detail. I refer merely to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States by Mr. Justice White delivered December 2, 1895, 40 L. Ed. 344. After this decision and while Cherokee Bill was under sentence of death, his sister, a mulatto woman (according to Colonel Marcum), came to the jail one day with a large birthday cake as a gift for her brother, soon to be executed. The sympathetic guards did not observe the huge size of the cake and entertained no suspicions. However, very soon after the cake was delivered Cherokee Bill had possession of a loaded pistol which undoubtedly was in the center of the cake. He very promptly shot the jailer dead as he came by his cell, seized the keys, let himself out and proceeded to kill one of two other guards. Henry Starr called one of the guards to let him out of his cell, and by some strange manifestation of mysterious power disarmed Cherokee Bill. Bill was tried again and found guilty, and one of the subsequent proceedings in which he was convicted was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. However, 41 L. Ed., at page 320, shows that this was dismissed because of having "abated." Colonel Marcum said that the cause had abated by reason of the execution of the sentence of death by hanging, on Cherokee Bill in the Fort Smith jail. He said that this time Cherokee Bill's sister did not appear, but his mother came on the train from Fort Gibson to Fort Smith on the Old Iron Mountain Railroad to say good-bye to him and to attend the execution which was set for 1:00 in the afternoon. The return train to Fort Gibson left at about one, and this would make it necessary for Cherokee Bill's mother to remain in Fort Smith all day to take the body back with her for burial at Fort Gibson. Cherokee Bill explained the situation to the jailer and asked that the hanging be set for 11:30, so that he, as Colonel Marcum said, "could go back home with Ma, on that 1:10 p.m. Iron Mountain." The jailer accommodated him and his corpse traveled back to Fort Gibson on the 1:10 p.m. Iron Mountain.

A Note on Criticism

Harry Sylvester

CATHOLIC criticism has been generally unfavorable toward our best writing talents because of the personal indiscipline these talents often celebrate. A hostile attitude toward almost every distinguished writer in the country has in turn led to a fallacy on the part of Catholic critics, one not less peculiar than that which they oppose in such writers. The average priest—and almost all Catholic magazines are controlled by the clergy—seems to think of literature strictly in terms of propaganda. One idea of one prominent cleric (now a bishop) of a distinguished novel is that compilation of pious balderdash called "The Masterful Monk," a book written strictly as conscious propaganda for the Church. One cannot quarrel with this intention, and it is hardly worse written than some of the "proletarian" novels of the thirties piously termed

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"powerful" or "distinguished" by even the Marxian heretics of the time. What one does object to, and bitterly, is the attempt of so-called Catholic criticism to ram drivel down the throats of the faithful as a "fine" or "well-written" or, like the Marxians with their own propaganda, a "distinguished" novel.

Such dishonesty has created a situation ripe with ambiguity and equivocation, one which the advocates of such writing have overlooked in the same ironclad and incredible way they ignore all subtleties. (One wonders how many of them ever manage to read Scripture with profit!) For the fallacy of their criticism and the writing it finds acceptable is this: the ends attained by, the "character development" of, the robots who people these novels are almost completely without logic or reference to psychological truth that any girl educated in a decently-run convent school knows intuitively. In short, the writers whom "Catholic" criticism condemns are wise in evil, while the writers it praises are (*simple* is hardly the word) downright ignorant in good. The result is that people growing literate late or slowly —as do most Catholics in this country—become gradually the victims of a profound interior conflict or dislocation. They know that the evil in, say, "The Sun Also Rises," or in Faulkner's "Light In August" (probably the best novel written by an American in our time) is depicted accurately and with great skill. (Indeed, no English-speaking writers of any time have possessed the degree of craftsmanship we find in our best, such as Faulkner, Hemingway, Cozzens, Kay Boyle and Katharine Anne Porter.) While the good "presented" in the work of what are called "Catholic novelists" is depicted so inaccurately, with such a profound ignorance of psychological truth, and an equally complete disregard for the complexities of good and evil that the result is monstrous.

This convent-educated girl I have mentioned becomes sorely puzzled. She recognizes—in the books *Our Sunday Visitor* or *Books On Trial* condemns—evil, but also understands, so great is the skill and knowledge of the author, how this evil develops or springs logically from certain truly depicted sets of circumstances, certain incredibly accurate concatinations of events. And in the books such papers recommend, she recognizes good, but so inaccurately described, so untruly evolved from some fantastically inaccurate arrangement of circumstance that she begins to be dismayed. Of course, if she or her councillors be wise (and nuns do seem more honest and accurate in this respect than priests) she will read the French Catholic novelists, Bernanos and Mauriac, and know that there is not only hope for the world but that it is possible to be at once literate and a Catholic.

The first Catholic paper to set itself up as a literary magazine, that is, one dedicated exclusively to the consideration of books, is *Books On Trial*, a non-profit venture. Since *Books On Trial* (seldom has a title ever revealed so completely if unwittingly the mentality involved) embodies to a degree all the faults of criticism as found in most other Catholic papers, a consideration of it is also one of Catholic criticism in general. Perhaps the best way to begin is to say that *Books On Trial* is not a critic but a censor. It is possible for a case to be made out for censorship, applying to the same groups aimed at by the Legion of Decency, say. But the Legion of Decency does not term or consider itself in any way a critical body. It is strictly, honestly and avowedly a censor. Mr. Tully's paper is also a censor, but for some curious reason calls itself a critic. Now if *Books On Trial* called itself a censor one could have no quarrel with it. One could heed or ignore its moral judgments as one saw fit and at one's own peril. But any magazine or group that, calling itself a critic, abides strictly and solely by the standards of the censor, is confusing the issue and confusing it badly.

For although *Books On Trial* goes through the motions of criticizing the style, construction and psychological accuracy of a book, the ignorance of most of its reviewers contributes conveniently to the originally intended result: a morally good (in intention anyway) book is a "well-written" book; a morally bad book is "poorly written." This in the face of Mr. Maritain's agonized explanation in "Art and Scholasticism" of how diabolism has infected the very greatest of living writers.

There are to be sure certain gradations in *Books On Trial's* "ratings." These are best considered in the form given them by Mr. Tully's most recent venture in his attempt to impose a lay censorship on American writing. He has now begun to issue his paper's "ratings" which appear as syndicated matter in a number of diocesan papers.

"Book of the Month Appraised" is the modest title Mr. Tully gives the capsule version of his paper. Underneath are his ratings, consisting of a series of columns with such headings as High School, Adult, Fiction, etc. The columns in turn are filled with a conglomeration of dots, stars, question marks and initials such as WR, TFA, DM, etc. Apparently this is Mr. Tully's way of applying the technique of the comptometer to the field of literary criticism. Thus we find the startling judgment that a book such as "Margaret Brent: Adventurer," worth no more than the two inches of space given it in the popular novel columns of the Sunday reviews, is rated EXC or excellent, while Péguy's "Men and Saints" is rated merely good. Under the column

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headed High School we find Péguy is also rated TFA, which does not mean The First Advance, but Too Far Advanced.

VG does not, as one might expect, mean Vicious Garter-snake, but Very Good. MSO means Mature Students Only instead of More Soupy Objections. BOM doesn't mean Break Out the Muscatel but Book of the Month. While what SC means is not explained. Perhaps Semi-Cloistered or Some Chicken.

One might pity efforts such as those of Mr. Tully and his associates if their were a hint of humility in their project. But such an unspectacular virtue does not interest them. Out of the depths of their knowledge of literature and of life they are telling us which books are moral and the exact degree thereof.

I have always thought of a book called "Angels Mirth" as the typical "American Catholic Novel." Badly written, it is however concerned with two inter-related themes of profound importance: illegitimacy and abortion. The mother is on the side of the angels and persuades her step-daughter not to have an abortion. The girl bears her illegitimate child and then, gentle reader, the girl marries her *old* sweetheart and the step-mother marries the father of the illegitimate child. Furthermore they do it at a double-wedding and, just as in a musical comedy, all troop off the stage together. . . .

This book and its ending is mentioned not to nauseate anyone, although such is often its effect, but to indicate how far from reality are the so-called American Catholic novelists, how truly ignorant is their conception of the realities. It might be hoped that no Freudian will feel it worth his time to do an analysis of books such as "Angels Mirth" or "The Masterful Monk," with its heroine sighing for the monk at the end while her head rests on her true love's shoulder.

Books like those and the "criticism" found in all but two or three Catholic papers in this country serve neither truth nor art. In ignoring the earthly verities with which man in his exile is unavoidably concerned, they contribute at least as much to the obscurantism of the time as the writers they condemn. For our young people are on their guard when reading Joyce or Hemingway, and trusting—although not much longer, one might hope—when they read our ignorant and untruthful Catholic critics.

Communications

THE PORTENT OF STRESEMANN

Newfoundland, N. J.

TO the Editors: Felix E. Hirsch's excellent article "The Portent of Stresemann" in THE COMMONWEAL for March 2 deserves the high praise not only of the historian but of anyone honestly striving for truth and anxious to see a just, democratic order restored in Europe. This clearsighted analysis should help to put right many a current falsehood about Stresemann's work, and it does honor to the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL that, undismayed by propaganda, they enabled the American public to hear this voice of reason and historic accuracy.

The bitter, calumnious attacks against Stresemann by National Socialism and the extreme Right—attacks that undermined his health, yes, his very life—flared up anew in different quarters after 1933. Now he has been singled out by men and groups who, though outwardly opposed to nazism are in reality its close moral kin, in order to demonstrate what they call the "inherent insincerity" of Germany even during her republican years.

Mr. Hirsch has very ably brought out that Stresemann's achievements are among the most noteworthy in modern history. A peace had been dictated at Versailles which threatened to make the German protagonists of international understanding lose face before their own people, all the more so as it became soon apparent that the treaty, so sacrosanct in all its provisions imposing sacrifice and hardship upon the vanquished, was but a scrap of paper when invoked by Germany to protect herself against acts of lawlessness. For this the Ruhr invasion of 1923 is the most striking example. Yet it was precisely at that time, when circumstances were such as to transform the mildest internationalist into an ardent naionalist, that Stresemann was led on the path of peace, of negotiations and unconditional republicanism.

What Stresemann, backed by Reich President Ebert and his successor, the then still well-advised von Hindenburg, and backed also by parliament and the majority of the German people, accomplished has led so critical an observer as Oswald Garrison Villard to speak about "The German Phoenix" emerging from the ashes of war, radicalism and anarchy. A few months after he had become Reich chancellor, the nazi-bolshevik spook had vanished, the currency was stabilized, and the way was open for a peaceful settlement with France. Only three years later the impoverished and once disintegrating German Republic had become a vital factor in the concert of nations and a pivot of international security.

"From the day of her [Germany's] admission [into the League of Nations]," the famous Swiss scholar William E. Rappard wrote in 1929, in the *Survey Graphic,* on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Weimar Constitution, "her Foreign Minister Dr. Stresemann has invariably taken a prominent personal part in the deliberations of the council and the assembly. . . . German policy in Geneva had been characterized by the devotion shown by the Wilhelmstrasse to the ideals of international justice and arbitration. . . . Without welcoming all the provisions of the Peace Treaty, she has, in their application, done no more than to place her influence at the disposal of even-handed justice."

It has often been said, and rightly so, that a wiser and more generous policy on the part of the Western Powers, particularly France, could have helped considerably to make German democracy invulnerable against its in-

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ternal enemies. Stresemann himself has well characterized the tragic neglect of those years when, in 1926, he was asked by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler how firmly established the German republican form of government was. "I think it is pretty firmly established," Stresemann replied, "but, of course, it is weakened by the policy of the Allies in keeping their troops on the east bank of the Rhine. That leads our reactionaries to say: 'What is the use of the Pact of Locarno? What is the use of the League of Nations? Look at these foreign troops still in our country!' It is the constant repetition of that sort of thing which makes the continued operation of our democratic form of government difficult."

It was June, 1930, when the last troops were finally withdrawn. Stresemann was dead by then, ,and the terrible economic crisis with the millions of unemployed in its train had conjured up once more the combined nazi-bolshevik menace, which during the good years had practically disappeared.

Stresemann was only fifty years old when he died. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have been elected to the Reich presidency in 1932 as the candidate of the republican majority of the German people. And there would never have been a Hitler cabinet. A peaceful European commonwealth, as envisaged by Stresemann, Briand, and Sir Austen Chamberlain at Thoiry, rather than a devastated continent menaced by bolshevism, once the ally and helper of nazism, might well have been realized by now.

Of course today these things may sound like futile speculations, yet Mr. Hirsch is right in saying that to review Stresemann's work is of greater than merely historic importance. The fact that so shortly after the last war, with all the bitter hatred it had aroused, a man like Sresemann could win the confidence of all who really knew him and lead Germany back into the family of nations entitles us to keep some hope for the future. When in God's good time, this future will have turned into a present reality, the day will also be at hand when once more a just appraisal of the Statesman of Weimar, with his European vision, will dispel the foggy slogans of a time-bound propaganda.

HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN.

The Stage & Screen

Garden of Time

OWEN DODSON'S examination of the Medea Myth, as presented by the American Negro Theater, seemed to me somewhat unfortunate. Carrying his version of the story from the time of ancient Greece to that of the turn of the nineteenth century, he author (who is also the director) makes exhaustive use of the means of poetry, music and the dance, and within these larger boundaries of a number of dialects and styles. And the result, for the house, struck me as a prolonged and certainly painful evening of being assailed rather than entertained or otherwise induced to reflection or any recognizable emotion. Although I must admit that there are also architectural reasons for this reaction in that the 135th Street Library stage is entirely too small for this kind of effort, the audience necessarily too huddled, and the players—in this case quite a number of Argonauts, islanders, minstrels, and weird sisters—exactly in your lap.

Mr. Dodson peoples his island of Cholchis with a dark race among whom comes a white Jason in search of the golden fleece. The geography remains antique for two-thirds of the play then suddenly shifts to (I think) the southern portion of the American Republic, although I am not sure. This shift is accomplished by a dance transition which seemed to me purest African and accompanied by a recitative in which I thought an American Negro dialect could be detected. However, the final act is delivered in a kind of now-and-then burr which I took to be Scotch until it became apparent that it was very probably Haitian and a device employed to return elements of the supernatural (now Voodoo stuff) to the scene. The author names his protagonists Meadea-Miranda and Jason-John and notes that these "might have been any woman and any man at any time," a generalization the enormity of which I cannot compass. But it is perhaps understandable when one realizes that Mr. Dodson's conception of the myth is romantic. Presenting his Medea as an unawakened girl although an occomplished sorceress, he allows her to become helpless through passion and conscience in the Greek sections as well as in the later period of the play. This Medea falls in love, murders her brother (here incestuous) for love, sinks into a melancholy of unrequited love when arriving with Jason in Greece, suffers some literary madnesses, allows her little son to fall from a rock through an oversight, and continuously rushed about saying she couldn't help it. And then some centuries later, begins all over again. Evidently Mr. Dodson was occupied with weaving any woman of, shall we say, temperament into a tragedy of classic proportions. But while there must always have been just plain women in Greece, I do not think its mythology is concerned with them. Certainly some knowledge of the literary device of symbolism would have been of help to the author; and just in case he might wish to plead iconoclasm as an authentic attack (which I'm sure he doesn't) I think even he will admit that it is necessary to face the icon before one can break it.

As an addition, the text is done into verse of which I retain small impression except that it was incessant and served as a kind of "delaying action" on the proceedings, employing, every so often, in the incanted sections, the type of jangling tetrameters for which a good many honest people have never forgiven Shakespeare.

In her endless rôle and in spite of "elocutionary" diction, I thought Sadie Browne was impressive. She seemed to possess a reserve of power which carried her through stanzas and stanzas of talk. Dean Newman's Jason was not so skilled. William Greaves as a wandering minstrel drew the most appealing rôle and handled it nicely. Whoever wrote his first song deserves, I think, a hand. It came over as a simple haunting air, exactly

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as it should, and I should like to hear it again. Charles Sebree's sets, and particularly his costumes, were good. (*At the 135th Street Library Theater.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Soldier's Return

THE PROBLEMS of uniformed men in adjusting themselves to civilian life, either before or after they take off their uniforms, will be the subject of more and more movies from now on—not only because these problems are of current interest, but also because they present some of the liveliest drama today. The stage has approached the subject mainly as material for comedy in such plays as "Snafu" and "Soldier's Wife." The novel has entered the field more seriously with Niven Busch's "They Dream of Home," a book that runs toward melodrama and stumbles over plot but succeeds in making the reader think about some of the problems of returning fighters. Hollywood is considering film versions of these three items. The movies have already tackled the question. Last summer we saw *"The Impatient Years"* in which a sergeant returned to find himself a stranger to his wife and baby. After a good start, this film became a farce in which the quarreling couple, denied a divorce, go on a binge to re-live the four days of the first meeting and honeymoon. *"Hollywood Canteen,"* a pretty shoddy affair from all angles (except for its hit song, "Don't Fence Me In"), went out of its way to glorify movie stars more than the men in uniform. The film's hero, fresh from the Aleutians, fell for Joan Leslie, who played herself and in the finale gave the soldier hope by promising to wait. This superficial treatment was accented by the film's attitude which was definitely condescending toward the yokel in uniform. Perhaps a civilian *would* faint if he found himself dancing with Joan Crawford, but when a soldier goes to the real Hollywood Canteen why wouldn't he expect to see her and a flock of stars whose contributions to the entertainment of service men are already well publicized?

In the past few months, there have also been several sentimental numbers that did little to solve anything for the soldier's future, but at least suggested that such a future might have problems. *"The Very Thought of You"* was a long, homey affair with realistic touches about a soldier who married into a family that specialized in bickering. When, at the finale, he returned wounded from Italy, he was met by his loving wife, a cuddly baby and his agreeably reformed in-laws. Not all in-law problems will be smoothed over so easily. Nor will all wives be forgiven so calmly as was the heroine's sister, who had been cheating on her husband while he was away, but was taken back with open arms by the returning sailor who loved his wife so much that he was willing to overlook everything. *"Sunday Dinner for a Soldier"* was concerned mainly with a Mrs. Wiggs sort of family who lived in an old houseboat in Florida. The rather sweet story, even though its characters included several precious children and a rascally old gent (Charles Winninger) called "Grandfeathers," managed not to be cloying principally because of the good direction of Lloyd Bacon and the restrained acting of the cast. The film's greatest asset was that the romance between the soldier (John Hodiak) and the girl (Anne Baxter) came to no definite conclusion. At the picture's end there was a suggestion that perhaps one day, perhaps after the war when and if the soldier returned, their mutual interest might have a chance to blossom into love. This longing and uncertainty provided a refreshing, realistic note.

But the best film to date about a soldier's efforts at readjustment is *"I'll Be Seeing You."* If it hadn't been necessary for Scriptwriter Marion Parsonnet, in adapting Charles Martin's story, to build up the rôle of the heroine (because Ginger Rogers was playing it) this might have been a great motion picture. As it stands, it is an interesting and moving one. Sergeant Morgan, recovered from a bayonet wound, but still suffering from combat nerves, meets Mary Marshall who takes him to the home of her aunt and uncle. The growing love between the sergeant and Mary, the kindly middle-class American family, the routine in this small town and the prospect of future happiness, as well as the conquering of his own fear of insanity, practically cure this neurotic of all his ills. Joseph Cotten turns in a sensitively repressed performance as the soldier whose nerves are on edge and whose fight for balance is won in several gripping scenes. As the Marshall mother, father and daughter, Spring Byington, Tom Tully and Shirley Temple portray one of the most likable and normal families ever shown in

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movies. The catch to this film is its heroine. Not that Ginger Rogers fails in the part, but the rôle is so melodramatically and sentimentally written that it stands out like an artificial rose in a bouquet of garden flowers. Mary Marshall is on a furlough too; she has eight days away from the state prison where she has already paid three years of her debt to society for being found guilty of manslaughter. (A flashback reveals that she was protecting her honor when her assailant fell out of a window.) Mary and the sergeant prove good for each other; and as they part at the prison gates in the closing scene, each has given the other a new outlook on life, a hope for the future. In spite of the fact that "I'll Be Seeing You" clouds the main issue (the recovery of the soldier) with the unbelievable and sensational story of Mary, the film should be seen. Dore Schary has given it a good production, and William Dieterle has directed his cast to stress the reality of the relationships of the various characters. Particularly moving are the scenes between the convict (Miss Rogers) and her cousin (Miss Temple, a fine actress and attractive young lady) who is suspicious and stand-offish at first, gracious and repentant later. But this picture should rightfully be Joseph Cotten's; and it is his scenes that haunt you. Long will you remember his reaction to the war movie he and Mary have just seen. He comments as they leave the theater that war probably is that way—but smaller, more personal. "War depends on how cold you are, on how wet you are, on how scared you are."

I very much doubt the advisability of the remake of *"The Enchanted Cottage"* at this time. Perhaps when Sir Arthur Wing Pinero wrote his play (1922) or when the first movie version was made (1924), the message of the fantasy served a purpose. The period of disillusionment after World War I was ripe for a sentimental fable about the healing powers of love. But now we are in the midst of another and more terrible world war. The end is becoming apparent, but the stream of returning scarred warriors is not lessening. It seems somewhat smug to say to these wounded: "Look not with your eyes but with your heart." Into the enchanted cottage (now set in New England in the 1940's) comes Oliver (Robert Young), horribly disfigured in a plane crash. He and the plain, homely girl (Dorothy McGuire), who lives in the cottage with its owner (Mildred Natwick), marry and then proceed to become beautiful in each other's eyes. Even a set-back, caused by his mother's breaking the illusion, does not spoil the therapeutic potency of love. Although the film moves slowly and at times becomes tiresome in talking out its story, Director John Cromwell succeeds in bringing the characters to life. Herbert Marshall as the blind composer tells or rather plays the story on the piano. Alec Englander is particularly effective in the supporting cast. But it is Dorothy McGuire who makes the film worth seeing. Her portrayal of the plain girl is quite touching; and her exhibition of an unhappy, embarrassed wallflower at the USO dance can be pointed to as a magnificent cinema characterization. But the film as a whole is muddled and more likely to confuse returning soldiers and their waiting wives and sweethearts than assist them in meeting their problems. I am not sure what the movies should say about the wounded soldier's adjustment to civilian life. The closing scene of *"Thirty Seconds over Tokyo"* handled the situation with rare beauty by suggesting that the wife welcome her husband no matter how battle-scarred in body or spirit he was. But of one thing I am certain: that it is dangerous for a film to recommend that mangled fighters marry homely spinsters with the idea that everyone will become beautiful thereafter.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

A Woman in Sunshine. *Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday.* $2.75.
Report on the Russians. *W. L. White. Harcourt.* $2.50.
Tell Sparta. *A. C. Sedgwick. Houghton.* $2.50.

Irony and Pity

POSSIBLY the lowest sort of reviewing is the type which borrows overgenerously from the blurb on the highly colored book jacket—that eye-catcher which proudly quotes the welcome bouquets of a favored few who have seen the masterpiece in galleys or in manuscript. Of course the primary objection here is not so much that the reviewer has not done enough work but that his encomium gives an exaggerated idea of the book's good points. In the case of "A Woman in Sunshine" the yellow jacket is misleading for quite another reason. It purports to describe a novel concerned chiefly with "a good woman who is also an exciting one." And this is the line which Doubleday's advertising is taking in the matter.

The woman in question, Letitia Boldero, is 53 and gravely concerned about the marital status of her two sons, as well as that of the daughter-in-law in question. It is only in the final pages that she herself makes any impression in the field of feminine attractiveness—only because an old friend who is stricken with a painful and apparently fatal illness turns to her for sympathy. It may have something to do with her age, but how many readers will in fact find Letitia anywhere near as "exciting" as they are supposed to? "A Woman in Sunshine" deals primarily with other matters. The impression it leaves is one compounded of the dreariness of London, the ennui of bourgeois married life and the depths to which some scoundrels will descend. Not to mention the author's irony and pity.

Mr. Swinnerton is indeed a trained hand in the art of depicting ugliness in many forms. He is a true master of the repulsive. Most fascinating of all is the way he spins out the workings of a rascal's mind. Letitia and her household despite the intensity of their emotional problems pale before the machinations of her renegade brother, R. F. The ravages of time noted in Letitia's circle are practically non-existent when compared with the revulsion which Mr. Swinnerton's portrayal of her sister-in-law Thelma, her sister Muriel, and her tyrannical invalid mother inspire. Their looks, their mannerisms and their outlook are so repellent as to become at last rather attractive in a morbid sort of way. Mr. Swinnerton's irony is often marked. For that quality his title rivals Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence." The scene of the most nightmarish happenings, day in and day out, where Muriel patiently slaves for her bedridden

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mother, is a house called Bella Vista in the seaside village of Willowhaven. For all that her husband and others say to the contrary, doubts that Letitia is virtuous in the broad sense persist. Too many facets of her situation remain to be accounted for in this ironic atmosphere.

Rivaling this fascination with ugliness, and closely interwoven with it, is a skilfully developed story of crime. R. F.'s plans to make away with a very nice nest egg are artfully developed. And he makes use not only of all the powers of attraction he can command from long experience in cadging, but he even mistakenly resorts to terrorization of his sister, Muriel, who at 57 is as pitiful a character as one would ever want to see. The author works it all out so neatly—with increasing suspense and all the rest—that for long stretches "A Woman in Sunshine" qualifies as a real thriller. From these rambling remarks it should be clear at least that Mr. Swinnerton boasts of great gifts in the narrative art. His book is difficult to pigeonhole because of its many angles. Perhaps its most engaging aspect is the study it provides of a cheerfully calculating, rascally mind.

Honest to Bluntness

WHEN MR. WHITE read in the newspapers about Eric Johnston's trip to Russia, he was one of the editors of the *Reader's Digest*. The thought popped into his head that it would be interesting to accompany Mr. Johnston and report to the American people what he saw. He therefore suggested the idea and it was enthusiastically accepted. Despite the fact that Bill White had been very pro-Finnish in his reporting of the war between Russia and Finland, Soviet officialdom made no objections. And so he set out for Russia with promises that the whole party would be free to examine whatever they wished.

The result is "Report on the Russians." This is perhaps the most informing and candid account of our Soviet ally yet to appear. It is extremely readable and it coincides well with other sources of information. Perhaps the most vivid chapter in it is that which describes the unopposed German bombing of one of the bases the Russians gave us in the Ukraine to make "shuttle-bombing" possible. But candor is often indistinguishable from brutality and therefore from bad manners. In a number of cases Mr. White writes in such a way as is sure to give deep offense to a Russian reader. Doubtless what he says is true enough in these instances, but it could have been said with a little more regard for Russian feelings. These things have already been brought to public attention because all of them appeared in the selections from the book condensed for the *Reader's Digest*. Of course the most notorious is the comparison of life in Russia with life in an American jail. A happier comparison would not have weakened Mr. White's point and would certainly have been less calculated to arouse the wrath of our friends.

It would be hopeless in a brief review to summarize Mr. White's findings. He paints a picture which is not all black, but which is black enough. Yet he feels that we can easily manage to avert future conflict with the Russian giant, since the primary purpose of the Russians themselves when this war is over will be to rebuild their economy, and for this peace is the one essential—peace over a considerable number of years. "Report on the Russians" is a book everyone should read.

Brave and Angry Novel

PEOPLE are always asking why foreign correspondents do not remain foreign correspondents. Why do they rewrite their dispatches and make books out of them. It is assumed generally that they do this in order to talk more freely about themselves. After all, the dispatches have to tell the news but when you have the space of a whole book to use you can tell all about yourself and how you got the news; the news has lost its news value; the news is on its way into the history books; so that now the news is about yourself and that is always good news. And when correspondents go even further and write fiction then, generally, they are writing even more about themselves.

But these cynical explanations do not explain Mr. Sedgwick's "Tell Sparta." Mr. Sedgwick has written his book because he was possessed by an aristocratic, intense, burning and uncontrollable rage against a certain kind of fellow war correspondent whose companionship he has had to endure for a number of years, and because he was possessed, simultaneously, by a human, direct love for the Greek people. He had to express these emotions in fiction because if any of the war correspondents in his book had been real people they would have sued him for libel and because when a man's feelings are very strong and very generous someone is going to say that they are noble and it is better to have anything noble carefully in a novel so that nobody will think that you think that you are better than anybody else. So that Mr. Sedgwick can keep his job as an extremely able correspondent for the New York *Times*, if he wants to, and the other correspondents will know that he has written a novel in which correspondents do not figure as even commonly decent people but they will not think it matters because you can say anything in a novel.

Mr. Sedgwick, however, means what he says. This is more of a tract than a novel, a moving defense of the Greek people, an eloquent tribute to bravery, a violent indictment of any isolationism in the face of tragedy.

More Books of the Week

Black Boy. Richard Wright. Harper. $2.50.

RICHARD WRIGHT is not yet a unanimous choice among Negroes who are reading his books, mainly because they do not accept the thesis that he seemed to expound a few years back, that equal poverty forces one to wade through equal filth. It was felt, too, that Mr. Wright was being led around by the communists in those days. It was felt that he rejected all the education gained in this world except that arrived at by trial and error, the sort of training an ignorant bell-hop in a fifth-rate Southern hostelry would receive from his guests.

There was also grave fear that Mr. Wright was an *ersatz* artist to tell the appropriate shocking story, just shocking enough to hasten the revolution then deemed to be lurking just around the corner. Since that time, however, the Negro has experienced Lillian Smith, with much more to come. It is good to have Richard Wright's autobiography, for he has a strong story to tell. If middle-class Negroes do not "get" this story we should know by now that the Negro is made up of all classes, albeit the proportions are quite different from those arrived at in describing white people in America.

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A lot of white people have been feigning radicalism in this country for political and other reasons for the past twenty years. But if a Jewish radical does not know something of the part his people have played in the exploitation of the Southern Negro peasant for the past forty years, he will be unable to understand Negro anti-Semitism which Mr. Wright describes but does not adequately account for in this book. That God's Chosen People (Negroes still believe that) could stoop to exploit Negroes is unbelievable!

Again, if Irish Catholics turn up their noses at this story of the black underdog and begin to relate the number of priests in every family in the old country, they forget the origins of many Southern police, deputy sheriffs, and labor-union officials whom the *black boy* has been struggling against. Obviously, an understanding of this book requires sound, critical judgment. It is not always safe to predict what the general conclusions of the average reader might be.

Does a Negro steal? The people who give a starvation job to the *black boy* ask this question. Wright chuckled when he heard this. But it is still being asked. The white man does not steal. He deals with bigger words. He misappropriates, mislays, misdirects, unwisely invests, often diverts funds from their lawful owners. But steal? Do not make me laugh.

Richard Wright had a very hard childhood. His was an active mind that did not have enough guidance. A lot of us cannot understand how he could have thirsted so for learning without getting a trolley out to LeMoyne College where some Congregationalist would have given him all the books he wanted to read—but after all, we did not have Wright's immediate surroundings. His awakening came after he had lived about seventeen years. Besides, there are several tens of thousands of Negroes in Memphis today who do not go out to LeMoyne College. And he was thrown in among the most backward of these.

The *black boy* was drinking whiskey in a saloon when he was six years old. The temperance movement will jump for that. But I have seen white children given liquor at an early age to break them of any longing for it in later years. Last year I saw a white man in Connecticut give whiskey to his boy, a child of three.

This book is another milestone in the road to emancipation. At least one Negro has admitted in print that his early life was a humdinger, but he got over it in spite of the white and Negro blood-letters around him as a child. If the white readers just do not take this book as definitive, or any other book on Negroes as definitive, with a great human problem to deal with! Let's get down to our chores and do as much as possible to get money for Southern schools, for blacks and whites. Let's train the *black boy* to do something with his hands, and train the white boy to do something with his hands. If they want to write and go to college later, it will not hurt them. I say this because I have proof.

GEORGE STREATOR.

Double Ten. Carl Glick. Whittlesey. $2.50.

"DOUBLE TEN" is roughly the Chinese revolutionary equivalent of D-Day and V-Day combined: the tenth day of the tenth month. It is the tale of a tough, keen, Irish sergeant of the Fourth Cavalry. Ansel O'Bannion was so well thought of by another Army sergeant, Adna Chaffee, that when the latter grew to be a Lieutenant General and Chief of Staff he did not hesitate to recommend him for purposes not strictly within the purview of what we now call "Good Neighbor" policy to another Lieutenant General, a twenty-two year old one of the Royal Manchurian Reform Army, one Homer Lea. Around thirty years ago we all knew Homer Lea under varying descriptions: a hunch-back dwarf and trouble-maker; an epileptic; an eccentric student of military history; an extraordinary military genius. Homer Lea used O'Bannion as his technical organizer for the overthrow of the Manchu imperial dynasty. Between them they did contribute very largely to the destruction of the Manchu government which was so busily destroying itself. These two did canalize the revolt of the Chinese in the United States into Sun Yat Sen's development as the central figure of the revolution and the end of Manchu three-hundred-year-old conquest and rule of the Chinese. That is the tale as told by Carl Glick, who has written a number of good stories about the Chinese. Glick draws mainly on O'Bannion's own memories, and his own experiences during the secret conspiracy of the Chinatowns of our cities, those Ghettos in which we have always tried to segregate "the sinister Chinese." Until we went all sentimental about China, as we always do about foreign peoples who are against other foreign people we don't like. Homer Lea and Ansel O'Bannion were working out the same sort of underground revolution on the West Coast in some foreign country that we have so often fomented on the Atlantic Coast: revolutions all over Europe, the West Indies, in Central and South America. Officially we are strongly opposed to the fostering of revolutions in other people's backyards . . . but: it is a curious sidelight on the working of Americans' minds that so often it is approved, off the record, by Secretaries of State, Chief of Staff of the Army, and Presidents, though it remains suspect to our police system, and to our Secret Service. For all these reasons, "Double Ten" is a good tale, and a good picture of the least people in the United States: the Chinese.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

A Life of Travels. C. S. Rafinesque. Stechert. $2.50.

THE EDITORS of *Chronica Botanica* are to be congratulated for reprinting the autobiography of Rafinesque, which he published at his own expense in 1836. As an autobiography the work is incomplete. Rafinesque covers only those features of his "life of travels" which appeared to him to be high points.

His account of his works and their reception by other learned men is written in a most assured and egotistical manner. A conservative evaluation of his accomplishments gives us about the following: Rafinesque was an extremely valuable contributor to many of the divisions of biological science, particularly botany and ichthyology and to a lesser extent to philology, finance, archeology and history, with a more questionable position in the applied biological field of medicine.

It is obvious that he was an epochal man in the intellectual world. Yet we hear little of him. Why? It should not be necessary to answer that question, for the bald truth is that Rafinesque has already half answered it in his usual insulting manner of pointing out that most everyone is intellectually incapable of understanding him. The other half of the answer is that Rafinesque reiterated

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time and again the first half of the answer. So his contemporaries were offended and when rules of nomenclature, for instance, demanded acceptance of one of his names they ignored rules and coined a new name.

Rafinesque perceived that there was a personal element in the reaction to his publications. He predicted that future generations would appreciate him, but he has so far been wrong, except in scattered instances. The happy action of the editors in reprinting his autobiography is one of those instances.

Do not read this book unless you are thoroughly serious about intellectual things; if you are serious, then do not miss it. If you have the reputation of being a brilliant misanthrope, read this book and think of it as a mirror. Then try to put yourself in the boots of the dull fellow you harass. He does have feelings, you know. You brilliant Rafinesques of today, as of every age, would accomplish much more if your superiority but made you lose the human being's worst quality, namely, that too often we think in terms of *me and the universe,* rather than of *us and the universe.* Otherwise, the reception of Rafinesque will show you your fate. J. MC A. KATER.

Abstract and Surrealist Art in America. Sidney Janis. Reynal. $6.50.

SURREALISM is the blackout of beauty. During blackouts the most terrible things sometimes go on in the so-called shelters. This particular blackout has no shelters that don't contain chambers of horrors. The artists responsible for the doings in these chambers paint like mad, think like mad, and write like mad, mad in the sense of crazy, though Sidney Janis would probably call the pictures they turn out, as he does two of them, "poetic and possessed." They certainly reflect a very crazy crazy-quilt of consciousness, which is becoming crazier year by year. This throwing of one's talents in the face of God, so characteristic of Dali, is diagnostic of the whole surrealist movement. It is an explosion of the human consciousness, of law, the order and the sense of beauty that used to indicate an artistic consciousness, into shards and fragments as unpieceable as the remains of a bombing. Some of these painters paint badly; nearly all of them think badly, and all of them write badly. Thus, Dali speaks of a world of "the same persuasive cognoscitive and communicable thickness" as the exterior world and Ralph Rosenborg writes that "Painting is intensification of intuitive introspective instinct-effort."

Mr. Janis's book serves less the purpose of raising surrealism to glory than of showing how few among its devotees have or had taste. Klee was good, so is McIver, but the others! The author would have done better to cut out most of the surrealist work, for, though the movement is really bankrupt now, having confessed as much by its official buddying up to political communism as an escape from its own frustration, the only work countenanceable as anything remotely glorious is that in the abstract section. There Braque, Gris, Hélion, have done good things, and Miro's, with a clean-cut hilarity as of Circus joy, will live. The surrealist selection contains mostly stupid nonsense or little echos of Klee or someone else, varying from the banality of Hirschfeld's "Girl With Pigeons" to the "compulsive materializations of 'hypnagogical' visions" of Chagall, who says of his painting: "If it took eleven years (1933-1944) to make and change this picture, how many years should I need to explain it in words?" Unconscious Chagallian humor? Joseph Cornell is perhaps more honest when he says: "It is too difficult to get into words what I feel about the 'objects.'" And as for the pigeons that Hirschfeld likes, let them stand for surrealism and then hearken to Thurber scoring off the surrealistic pigeons of Gertrude Stein: "People who do not understand pigeons—and pigeons can be understood only when you understand that there is nothing to understand about them—should not go around describing pigeons or the effect of pigeons." Practically all of the painters in Sidney Janis's book need a complete Thurberizing. JAMES W. LANE.

The Philosophy of American History. Morris Zucker. Arnold. $8.50.

THIS contribution to American historiography is a two-volume work, the first having as its sub-title "The Historical Field Theory" and the second, "Periods in American History." Since there are 1,764 pages in the set, it is rather difficult to present in brief an evaluation of what the author has done. Regarding the philosophy of the author we note that: "The Historical Field Theory . . . considers social forces as the paramount moving factors operating through human agents who are acted upon and who react to these impulses created by social relations of which they themselves are a part." The author repeatedly makes it clear that he believes individuals have little effect on history; social forces predominate although temporarily diverted. He believes that Marx's interpretation of history has much merit; he disagrees with those advanced by Dewey, Beard, and many others. He sometimes overstates the case: "It is but fair to remind ourselves that wherever the Catholics had the upper hand, as in New Spain and New France, they reciprocated in fullest measure their vent of primordial human bestiality through the medium of an exalted religious piety." Regarding Russia, he writes: "Russia's socialist economy will go on, and will continue to prosper in a world of capitalist stagnation."

The entire second volume is devoted to a philosophical interpretation of the forces operating in the Western hemisphere since 1492. Mr. Zucker believes that: "The forces of democracy let loose by the Revolution of 1775 have far from spent their force. In fact, they have realized but a fraction of their potential powers." He believes that we shall buttress "our political democracy with the establishment of an industrial democracy," hoping that meanwhile Japan and Germany will be deindustrialized. At times the reader will find issues oversimplified; at other times he may complain of unnecessary divisions. Those religiously inclined will disagree with some of the conclusions reached. It is difficult to find in the work, despite its length and detail, much that is novel. PAUL KINIERY.

Eighteenth Century Piety. W. K. Lowther Clarke. Macmillan. $2.75.

THE RATHER forbidding title of this volume should not prevent it from being read with considerable pleasure, particularly by specialists in the history of the Church of England, or by anyone who is interested in the religious aspect of a wonderful time. Incidentally, it is pleasant to note that the English plates of publication, taken over by Macmillan, are produced by the famous SPCK, the stout missionary society, organized by Compton of London, one of James the Second's "Seven Bishops," which did such admirable work in the American

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colonies before the Revolution when an Episcopalian bishop was rarer than a duke.

The conventional verdict on the English Church of the eighteenth century is still that of Lytton Strachey. "The fervors of piety, the zeal of Apostolic charity, the enthusiasm of self-renunciation—these things were all very well in their way, and in their place; but their place was certainly not the Church of England." The alleged spiritual deadness of that institution, between 1688 and the Oxford Movement, has, if anything, been exaggerated by the High Church school, stemming from that movement, in order to vindicate its own Catholic-minded reforms. Thus H. O. Wakeman, in his popular "History of the Church of England," remarks that as "the bells rang out in 1714 for the accession of George I, they sounded the death-knell of the Church's ideals and vigorous life for more than a century"—that is, until the rise of Mr. Wakeman's favorite theologians at Oxford. All this, if not completely untrue, is a serious exaggeration of the truth, and the Catholic reader will note that the same distortion has been applied to the French Church under the Old Régime which, for all its hard-faced, hard-living prelates of the Rohan and Talleyrand sort, contained a God's plenty of good, old-fashioned Catholic piety among its lower clergy and its laity.

The truth about the English Church of the eighteenth century is that it maintained a great deal more of the genuine Catholic spirit of prayer and praise than the modern Anglo-Catholic will admit. Dr. Johnson, the only man who has ever given us a satisfactory definition of his Church, and given it in two words, fasted every Good Friday till three o'clock in the afternoon. Many writers urge frequent Communion, as much as any Jesuit writing against Jansenius. A contemporary book of devotions has this private prayer after the Canon: "O blessed Jesus, in the bread broken I behold Thy Body torn with whips and thorns and nails!" Sacramental Confession was often encouraged before Communion, especially in the case of sick persons. Those who still admire that splendid schoolboy classic "Tom Brown at Rugby" will recall the importance given to receiving the Sacrament in the chapter headed with the quotation from Lowell beginning "The Holy Supper is kept indeed . . ."

The National Church, both before and after the Oxford Movement, is but faintly and weakly represented in the Victorian novel. Thackeray, in portraying its clergy, can only ridicule the Georgian sycophant, the two-bottle parson, and the effemminate High Church curate in "Esmond," "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," respectively. Dickens, baptized in the English Church, was fond of it, though its general stodginess caused him to run away, for about a fortnight, to a Unitarian chapel. In general, his portraits of Anglican clergymen are genially friendly: witness that of Canon Crisparkle in "Drood." He reserved his formidably stinging satire for such evangelical fums and bonzes as the Reverend Stiggins and the Reverend Chadband. . . . Mr. Clarke's interesting little book will serve to remind us that a genuine piety, and even a genuine mysticism, is restricted to no period, and to no Church, or (remembering the beautiful picture of the Lama in "Kim") are they restricted to Christianity.

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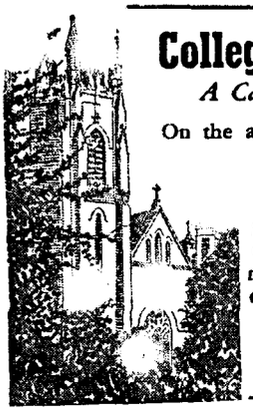

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The Child and the Emperor. A Legend. Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. Macmillan. $1.50.

WHEN ONE deals in "legends" one is free to disregard all ordinary limitations imposed by probabilities and plausibilities, and Horace's prohibition of the *deus ex machina* has no application. But in this little book of seventy small pages Prince Hubertus offers us a "legend" which staggers the reader for its boldness in attacking the impossible.

The "Child" is Our Lord at the age of thirteen and the Emperor is Augustus, old in years and near his end. The story ends with the Emperor on his knees before the Child in a sudden recognition of His Divinity, and his death shortly afterward. If among the legends of the past there has been one of similar import, this reviewer has not come across it, but the idea itself is of legendary stuff. It is in the manner of its telling that impossibility enters.

The story begins in Nazareth with a visit of Joseph of Arimathea, a rich merchant, to his cousin, Our Lady. The Child has asked His "uncle" to take him on his next journey to Rome and He wants His mother's permission. We hear the talk between them in which the Child joins and expresses His desire to see and talk with the Emperor. The journey is arranged. On the way He meets and becomes friends with young Stephen who is later to be the Protomartyr, and we hear the boys talk together at some length. In Rome the two boys explore the city together and its wonders, and the Child also wandered alone. A great ceremonial takes place at the Temple of Peace in which the Emperor is to sacrifice in his capacity as High Priest a snow-white lamb. The Child is a spectator near the altar. At the crucial moment the awkwardness of Pontius Pilate (!) causes the garland to slip from the victim. The Child who is standing nearby offers a red-rose wreath from His own head to the Tribune who places it on the lamb and the sacrifice is completed. The Emperor had noted the act and the next day the Tribune came officially to Joseph's quarters with the Emperor's command to bring the Child to his presence. This causes a colloquy between the two. As the Emperor falls on his knees and kisses the hem of the Child's garment he is murmuring: *"Tu es Agnus Dei . . . tu es Christus solus Dominus."*

Legend as it is, this climax fails. It fails to carry even the "conviction" that a legend must carry. Even a Shakespeare or a Dante might shrink from attempting what Prince Hubertus has attempted: his failure is no disgrace. Most significant it is that the Evangelists have never drawn aside the veil covering the hidden life between the finding of the Child in the Temple and the marriage at Cana. Yet Saint Luke must have heard something about it from His mother, and so must Saint John; but they have told us and hinted to us nothing of it. Even today the writers in the "Ben Hur" tradition, which is again in favor, respect their reticence. Prince Hubertus's departure from it will not encourage imitation, and on the whole it is as well. T. F. W.

Mr. Tutt Finds A Way. Arthur Train. Scribner. $2.50.

WE HAVE here a further collection of Tutt stories with an introductory essay recounting how Mr. Tutt's "autobiography," "Yankee Lawyer," fooled a great number of readers into thinking that this Robin Hood of an elderly lawyer actually is a creature of flesh and blood. Highly recommended for addicts.

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The Inner Forum

Why Deal with News?

AT THE outbreak of the present war the news services of the Center of Information Pro Deo, with its offices in Breda, Holland, and Brussels, Belgium, were going out to 1500 papers in 30 different countries. It was really just beginning to get under way, for the Breda and the Brussels press activities had been merged only in 1937. The leader of the movement, Rev. Felix A. Morlion, O.P., first became well known through his column in the important Flemish Catholic paper, *De Standaard*. It was in 1931 that he inangurated DOCIP, a Catholic press service dealing with the movies. Three years later he established the Brussels Catholic Press Center which later merged with the Breda Catholic information group. When the war came the work was carried on for a while from Poitiers, France, and then from Lisbon. Fear that Portugal might be invaded by the nazis became so strong in 1941 that, upon the insistence of Cardinal Cerjeira and others, Father Morlion set out for the United States where he founded his new CIP Center.

Fides of Montreal has recently published Father Morlion's "The Apostolate of Public Opinion," which includes a good summary of his ideas about effective Catholic journalism. At the outset he bewails the fact that "there are still too many specialists in lamentation who think the Christian attitude is best expressed by a litany of complaints about the bad, bad world. . . . They conclude that the only thing to do is to shut their eyes, to stop their ears and to wait quietly and devoutly in some well-protected corner till the Church, which is eternal, regains its former position by some miraculous change. It is time, now or never, to see the devastating dangers of this purely defensive attitude. . . . The world is now, as always, a mixture of good and bad, intimately connected. The Christian attitude must be, not one of absolute condemnation but one of objective appreciation. . . . Two words constantly repeated, both by the Jocist and Pro Deo groups in Europe, express the channel of the new offensive: . . . *Mystique*—a new dynamism on the part of the layman who has finally understood that he, also, is responsible for the saving of souls and must devote to this aim his full energies. *Technique*—a new approach by the layman to the secularized world which he strives to change from within through a policy of presence."

Father Morlion believes that "most of the ideas of modern man are the product of paper and celluloid" and radio. That is why a great apostolate needs to be developed in these media. As for the dominant non-Catholic group: the author points out that it is unfruitful and even unjust for Catholics to feel that they must be mobilized against the world. "There is more ignorance and complacency than malice in modern man. Real atheism is rather rare in our times. The man in the street is, in general, not full of objections against God; he merely forgets to think about Him. . . ."

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THE HELIOTROPIUM. By Jeremias Drexelius. After 314 years this classic on the conforming of the human will to the Divine still makes the best—most satisfactory—war time Lenten reading. There is no better book for anyone (of any creed or no creed) who has felt the impact of the present war—none more appropriate for the bereaved. 400 pp. (Devin-Adair Co., 23 E. 26 St., N. Y. C. 10)-$2.50

DRINK FROM THE ROCK. Selected poems from *Spirit*. Introduction by Helen C. White. Edited by John Gilland Brunini. "A distinguished collection . . . the high level of general excellence serves as no foil to any special jewels."—The Commonweal. (Order from Book Service Dept., The Commonweal, 386 4th Ave., N. Y. C. 16)----------$2.00

To be Generous to the Sick Poor

. . . helps to secure an answer to our own prayers. The Infinite Goodness to Whom we pray has said in unmistakable terms, "Whatever you do to the least of these My brethren, you do it to Me." Hence, if we are generous to others, God will be generous to us. Apply this to your donations to the Catholic Medical Missions, and you will be moved to do all you can to help the Board to aid the unfortunate. Send your gift now, before you forget it, to the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y. It will be gratefully acknowledged, and you will pray with more confidence for help for your own necessities.

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Next Week

THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT, by Paul Vignaux, points out first of all that the European underground which resisted the nazis until liberation was comprised of a great variety of groups and individuals. All political points of view were represented. Only the determination to hold out against the conqueror bound the patriots together. The make-up of the resistance movement thus explains much of the political upheaval which has followed liberation in a number of Allied counties. Professor Vignaux hazards a guess as to the effect of this aspect of the movement upon the future of Europe and the peace of the world.

THE COOPERATIVE YARDSTICK, by James Rorty and Dr. N. Philip Norman, presents the new opportunity which the consumer's cooperative movement has in the United States, particularly in the field of food distribution and food processing. What they have to say about this latter development is unusually interesting. It is a challenge to the cooperative movement to develop on a large scale what they have already started only with a few products here and there: the utilization of the latest findings in nutritional science to set national standards for bread, cereals, sugar and other basic foods. It is an extraordinary prospect.

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itarian"; for it "claims the whole of man for its temporal aims." Because of this situation the Christian apostolate must also devote considerable attention to the indirect approach. We must learn "to treat the subjects of primary concern to the common man and, unobtrusively, try to clarify the spiritual issues which are linked with these current topics as with all other human things. Next to the official works of apostolate which preach to the world, there must be unofficial works which pursue ordinary occupations in the eyes of the world but which having spoken first about what the world likes to hear, gradually present what the world has forgotten."

The Pro Deo movement is based on the following assumptions: "The common man is more interested in news stories than in ideas . . . in discussing the current questions of the day than the problems of eternity . . . [he] is carried away by the great things of topical interest." Father Morlion declares that the ideas which have wrought such great harm to humanity during the past two hundred years were comparatively ineffectual so long as they remained confined to books of philosophy. It was when they began reaching the masses through press, film and radio that they became really dangerous. To interpret the news constructively and thus counteract the baneful influence of the secularized media of information, the Pro Deo movement has developed a Thomistic approach which distinguishes formal and material causes from efficient and final causes. "The most important question is rarely asked and more rarely answered: 'Why did this happen?'" Father Morlion believes that the primary aim of religious news agencies should be a positive one: "To strengthen the religious inspiration of the people." It is interesting to note that ten years of analysis of modern movies has convinced Father Morlion and his associates that "the dominant danger there was not atheism nor immorality but just plain hedonism. The current of ideas created by a majority of movies is not against God nor even openly against the Ten Commandments, but rather follows the easier and simpler line that life is primarily having a good time and avoiding being bothered too much by such things as conscience, commandments and churches."

To carry out their program Pro Deo has in addition to its news services, for which individuals and organizations may subscribe (5 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y.) organized discussions on political problems at the Center, days of recollection for those engaged in the apostolate, and schools for leaders. It also conducts a research bureau which makes useful information available and publishes certain leaflets and booklets embodying Pro Deo's social and political ideas. Needless to say, the latter are wholeheartedly democratic.

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